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AN

ANSWER

TO THE

Great Noise about Nothing

OR A

NOISE about something.

WHen Noise and Clamour gets the upper hand
And *Right* or Wrong the Crowd they will Command:
Then *Hypocrites* they wear the Prize alone,
The Church is made a Monster of the Town,
All lend their Hands to help the sinking Down,
Never did Art so well with Nature strive,
Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive;
So like deceit, yet Golden to the Sight,
So base within, so counterfit and Light;
They all cry Peace, when black Destruction's near,
And tell us there's no grounds of any Fear;
As in the Days of *Noll*, when like old Nick,
They spoke us fair, but show'd's a Knavish Trick:
Nothing was heard in all our Streets arround,
But Pride, and Scandals in the Church abound:
The Church was made the Jest of all the Town,
And ne're were quiet, till they threw it Down,
And after it the *English* King and Crown.
These are the Men, would Lull us all Asleep,
While Wolves are crept amongst our harmless Sheep:
No wonder then if Waves prevail so far,
When they cut down the Banks that made the Bar:

Seas follow but their nature to invade,
But some by Art our Native Strength betray'd:
So *Sampson* to his Foe his force confeſt,
And was undone while ſlumb'ring on her breaſt;
But when this fatal Counſel found to late
Expos'd its Author to the publick Hate;
Theſe Saint like Tools are poyſon'd in their Youth,
Are Taught betimes to juggle with the Truth:
To Cant with Heaven, to wreſt the Texts Divine,
And make the Scriptures ſerve each baſe Deſign:
What Knowledge theſe Poſſeſs they miſapply,
Wrong Notions teach, and real Truths deny,
Miſlead the Ignorant by deceitful Arts,
And Prate to humour Fools and gain their Hearts;
For Zealous Fops too freely entertain,
The guilded Whims of each Fanatick Brain;
Gold by its Luſtre dazles humane Eyes,
And takes the Heart unguarded, by ſurprize:
Contending Parties in the Church or State,
Strive only which ſhall be moſt Rich and Great:
Riches alone is the deſign'd Event,
Intereſt, not Conſcience makes the *Whig* diſſent:
Religion's us'd but as a bare pretence,
To Colour their Intriegues with Innocence:
When e're they Arm, God's Battle 'tis they Fight,
Tho they Rebel, their Cauſe is always Right;
And on their weaker native Brethren prey,
The Lord, they tell you, gives and takes away,
To thoſe in Faith that only diſagree,
Bare Toleration ſets the Conſcience free:
And gives them open liberty to uſe,
What Worſhip they ſhall ignorantly chuſe;
But ſuch a Gracious Licence can't ſuffice,
A Party that deſigns to Tyrannize:
A head ſtrong Tribe, whoſe vile Ambition wants
To over run the Land with *Calvin*'s Saints,
And then deny the Church the ſame ſhe grants:

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The Throne already once their Fury felt,
And all the Kingdom suffer'd by their Guilt:
No Royal Clemency could make them yield,
Till all the Land becsme one bloody Field:
Mercy still made 'em but the more severe,
The more indulg'd, more cruel still they were:
Ruine and Spoil were by their Chiefs allow'd,
And made the Sport of the rebellious Croud:
What e're they stole, free Plunder they wou'd call,
For God's good people had pretence to all.
Robbery was Conquest, their Religion Spight,
Force gave the Law, Possession gave the Right,
The Crown's Revenues, and the Churches Lands
Sequester'd were by sacrilegious hands.
Thus did the pious Crew, who Popery fear'd
Pretend Religion, with a Conscience sear'd,
But neither God's true Church, nor his anointed
(spar'd

If this same Crew did give the fatal Blow,
How can the Church be out of Danger now?
Are they amended since the Days of Yore,
Or are they less mischievous than before?
The very same pretences are on Foot,
As when they ruin'd King and Church to Boot.
Reform, *Reform*, was all the Godly cry,
The Common Pray'r smells rank of Popery,
The Church would not allow 'em Liberty.
Thus *Whigs* tho made Episcopally great,
Cannot be Faithful to the Power they hate,
But fatal to the Church, and dangerous to the State.

The Fates above once an Invention try'd
And chang'd a Cat into a beautious Bride:
The joyfull Bridegroom dallying with his Dame,
A Mouse at last into the Chamber came:
She smelt the Vermine as in Bed she lay,
And out she leap'd to catch the little Prey:
Thus tho the Gods to show their lib'ral Nature,

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Transform'd the Puss into a charming Creature;
Yet she disdainful of her Nuptial Joys,
Quitted her Spouse and made a Mouse her choice;
Slighting those Blessings which the Fates had given,
And still would be a Cat in spight of Heaven.
So should the Church (which God forbid) agree,
Dissenting Elders should her Bishops be;
They'd still be *Whigs*, and to that Interest true,
In spight of all the State could give or do:
And since those very Vipers shew their Stings,
The Church may justly fear the self same things;
For what has been, may be again renew'd,
By that known Factious and Obnoxious Brood.
These Sons of *Noll* can think of little less,
Than Church and State to pull down and suppress,
We make no Noise, 'tis *Whigs* that rais'd the Storm,
And yet pretend their Manners to Reform.
The Church has cause enough (tho' some are blind)
To mourn to see her Ruin thus design'd.
'Tis not for nothing, that our Men of Sence
Speak in both Houses without Recompence,
But since by Numbers their just Votes are void,
We must be Passive, tho' we are destroy'd.

FINIS.